

Saturn in His Glory.

ABOUT 11 o'clock in the evening the ringed planet Saturn, the most original in appearance of all the sun's family, is high on the meridian, near the "Sickle" of the constellation Leo. Although outshone to the naked eye by the giant Jupiter, farther west, Saturn, when seen with a telescope, is perhaps the most fascinating object in the sky.

When a Girl Marries

Anne Braves the Lion and Secures a New Lease of Life for Carlotta Sturges in Return for That Loud Young Lady's Disinterested Work in the Canteen.

By Ann Lisie.

CHAPTER XXIII.
(Copyright, 1919, by King Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

WHEN I awoke in the morning on the couch in the living room I had a temporary feeling of uneasiness. I began groping round in my mind and then all the events of the evening before came trooping back—my return to the canteen to attempt to put Carlotta Sturges' best foot foremost for her—my ugly encounter with Tom Mason—Jim's refusal to face the facts regarding that experience.

"So that's my husband!" I said to myself grimly. "The man who vowed to love and cherish me. How nobly he protects me! How splendidly he saves me from insult! How that Tom Mason must be sneering at Jim—at me!"

I felt my lips folding into a thin, hard line—and my heart seemed to contract into a tight little mass that matched them. I hadn't stopped loving Jim. My love was rooted too deep to wither away in chill winds—but some of the buds of tenderness had been nipped. The lively first bloom was gone. Jim had done something far worse than just fall me—he had failed to love itself!

But when we met at breakfast Jim acted as if nothing had happened. A quarrel might have cleared the air. Serene acceptance of things left a chasm between us. I wonder if it can ever be bridged? "Remember, Anne," said Jim, just as he was departing for Anthony Norrey's office. "This is the night of Virginia's first dinner in her new home. You want to look your best. Buy yourself a marcel wave or a facial massage or any little trifle that will pretty you up."

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I crossed to the table and gingerly picked up what he had left there. It was a ten dollar bill.

Taking the bill between my thumb and forefinger I carried it to the bedroom and deposited it in the box where Jim keeps his studs and links. Then I examined myself in his shaving mirror. It showed me a haggard and worn reflection. Hourly and grimly I did my work. Methodically I finished it—though I longed to rush out of my apartment—anywhere away from his memories. Directly my work was over. I looked up my canteen lieutenant in the phone book, called her number and made an appointment for the early afternoon.

At 2 I found myself ringing the lieutenant's doorbell. I was ushered into a dreadful mausoleum of a room belonging to a period now happily dead and interred. This cruel survival was about thirty feet long by twelve wide—dark and shadowy, with stiffly upholstered black walnut and worn green velvet furniture glowering at me from woodwork, while massive glass prism chandeliers threatened to burst into light and reveal the room yet more horribly.

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ant, vividly conspicuous Carlotta Sturges. I was red if she could put up with me for daring to come and plead Carlotta's cause. Presumably my hostess came in and greeted me with an aloofness that matched her dark room.

"You wonder why I came," I burst out. "Not at all," returned the other indifferently. "Well, I'll tell you quickly. Last night Carlotta Sturges told me she had been transferred to another unit. I've an idea that means she will just be dropped. And I've another idea—that you'll feel differently about it when I've told you a little episode that occurred yesterday."

"My dear Mrs. Harrison," returned our lieutenant, patiently, "surely you can't think there is anything—personal—in Miss Sturges' transfer."

I decided to seize the bull by the horns. "How can any one escape a personal reaction to all her paint and powder and breeziness? Why, yesterday I was snobbish and ashamed when she took charge of me," I added, honestly. "I'd only seen her once before, and I didn't want to be identified with her. I was almost snippy to her, but she went right on smoothing my path."

"Then a girl handed me a dozen boxes of cigarettes—just a strange girl—she tossed them in and ran. Carlotta Sturges said it. She ran quickly before any one else, caught me getting ready to give that anonymous gift to our boys, and flung them in the waste basket. Then she told me to take the credit—so you'd think I was trustworthy. Instead of the little goose I actually was, to take in those smokes—"

The lieutenant nodded to me and smiled. "Do you know that I might have you transferred for carelessness like that?" she asked.

"Yes, I do. And so did Carlotta Sturges. She probably knew also that she was slated to go. And she didn't use the bit of work that might have saved her—and condemned me."

Again the lieutenant smiled. And I thought a stray sunbeam ventured through the heavy plush portieres and touched a glass prism—so that a little rainbow lighted the chandelier.

"Our canteen is going on for maybe two years, Mrs. Harrison. And we need devoted workers who won't lose interest just because the great tenseness of the actual war is gone," she said. "I shall phone Miss Sturges at once. Thank you for your loyalty."

I seized her hand in both of mine, and then I rushed out with a choked good-bye.

As I stumbled up the street with misty eyes, a vivid thought came flashing out to greet me. Certainly from now on Carlotta Sturges and I would be friends. And how was Virginia going to take that? What Carlotta Sturges said it. She ran quickly before any one else, caught me getting ready to give that anonymous gift to our boys, and flung them in the waste basket. Then she told me to take the credit—so you'd think I was trustworthy. Instead of the little goose I actually was, to take in those smokes—"

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Our Duty Is to Be Useful According to Our Powers



Magazine Page



A Story of Early Wedded Life

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Evening Gown and Smart Waist



Photo by Western Newspaper Union.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

A LITTLE while after Puss and Tom Thumby had left the house of the Three Bears they heard the sound of a bell, and by and by, as they went further into the wood, the sound grew louder and louder. And just then Puss Junior saw a sparrow in a tree. He sat very still, holding a bow in one claw and an arrow in the other. So Puss said:

"Who killed Cock Robin?" I said the Sparrow. With my bow and arrow. I killed Cock Robin."

"How did you know Cock Robin was killed?" asked Tom Thumby. "I didn't," replied Puss. "But when I saw the how and arrow in the claws of that Sparrow I suspected him. Sparrows are always fighting Robins, you know."

All this time the bell kept on tolling. And, oh, dear me! It was a mournful sound. "Who saw him die?" asked Tom Thumby.

"I saw him die," I said the Fly. With my little eye, I saw him die."

And then the little Fly flew over to a bush close to a brook and looked into the sparkling water. And just then a pretty fish with a little dish in its mouth swam up close to the edge of the ferns and water grasses.

"Poor Cock Robin!" said Puss Junior to the little Fish.

"Who caught his blood?" I said the Fish. With my little dish, I caught his blood."

"It's very sad," whispered Tom Thumby, as he and Puss turned away from the brook and continued their way through the wood. "All the little people in the forest are doing something to show how sorry they are."

"I wonder who'll make his shroud!" said Puss Junior. And then, all of a sudden a big black beetle crawled out from under a log carrying a large white cloth.

"Who'll make his shroud?" I said the Beetle. With my thread and needle, I'll make his shroud."

And after that he sat down and took out his needle and thread and began to work on the shroud for poor Cock Robin.

(Copyright, 1919, David Cory.)

To Be Continued.

When Guests Drop In

By Loretto C. Lynch.

THE average housewife in her efforts to conserve food often finds herself unprepared when company comes in unexpectedly. Time was when a mere half dozen in company did not disturb the housewife very much. For was there not "lots" of cold meat left to slice? And was not there a couple of layer cakes always waiting for some one to eat them?

But the housewife today is preparing and keeping on hand just as little food as is practical. And if a few extra folks, who have not been planned for, come in, the war-time housewife is often at her wit's end.

There is a charming little hostess in New London, and she had to prepare company chow as often as a point to recorder in the service. She was finally induced to tell us some of her secrets.

She always kept some canned goods on hand. And she made it a point to recorder in the service. She was finally induced to tell us some of her secrets.

"One evening, just as I was about to prepare supper for two," said this little woman, "I walked Jack with three men in the service. I knew that our little Deimonico steak would not serve five, and I had to act quickly. So I decided to make a deep-dish beefsteak pie. I browned the steak on both sides on the frying pan very quickly, but did not cook it through."

Next I cut fat and meat into inch cubes.

Four large onions were browned in the fat that had melted on the frying pan and six raw potatoes were cut into quarters. The meat and vegetables were covered with boiling water and cooked until the potatoes were done—about fifteen minutes. Seasoning was added to taste.

While this was stewing, our little hostess rolled out a simple baking powder biscuit dough. The stew was thickened in a pan and put into a baking dish. The crust was quickly adjusted and greased over with soft fat. And in ten minutes there was a delicious meat pie ready to serve.

Of course, one might add left-over peas or carrots or a little stewed tomato or a bit of green pepper. With this she served canned baked beans and the loveliest dessert. She had on hand some stewed dried apricots and some lady fingers. The lady fingers were split and laid into the dish first. A generous spoonful of the fruit was put on this and the whole was topped off with a snowy whipped cream and a little shredded coconut.

Any kind of canned fruit, drained from the syrup, may be used. The cake may be omitted or stale cake might be cut into circles with a biscuit cutter and dipped into the fruit syrup. Marshmallow whip, purchasable at most groceries, delicatessens and candy shops, may be used in

place of whipped cream. A chopped nut might be used for the coconut. Pickles or any similar relish adds a bit to the company table. But the housekeeper's greatest source of embarrassment comes usually from having insufficient bread on hand when unexpected company comes. Of all the forms of bread I find muffins quickest and easiest to make.

Thoroughly grease a gem tin, mix and sift two cups of flour with two tablespoons sugar, four teaspoons baking powder and half a teaspoonful salt. Stir in enough milk or milk and water to make a drop batter. Add two or three tablespoons of melted fat and beat well. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a hot to moderate oven. A well-beaten egg may be added to the milk if desired.

This same recipe may be used for emergency biscuit. Less milk should be used. The mixture should be thick enough to just drop from the spoon. Drop the mixture by the teaspoonful at two-inch intervals on a greased baking sheet. Bake about twelve minutes in a hot oven.

Birds of Prey.

Kites were a common sight in London in the fifteenth century, and even at the beginning of the nineteenth century often formed a feature of many a rural landscape in England. A Bohemian traveler who visited England about 1461 says he never saw so many kites anywhere as around London Bridge. The French traveler and naturalist, in London as at Cairo, and fed on the garbage of the streets and even of the Thames. Both kites and ravens were, in 1555, protected by law in the city of London, as they were found useful as scavengers. Sir Thomas Browne in 1652, writing of ravens at Norwich, says there were so many of them that comparatively few kites were to be seen there. Birds of prey, however, were always hated by poultry and gamekeepers, and the latter with guns and gins have well-nigh exterminated them through the greater part of England, though some exist in the Western Midlands and in Wales and Scotland. In many Indian towns kites and crows are still found useful as scavengers, and although there is no law to aid their protection, they are seldom molested by inhabitants of the East.

Wanted—A Victim.

An old man and woman were drawing near the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day. "James," said Martha, "it's our silver wedding next Wednesday. We ought to mark the occasion. Shall we kill the pig?" James looked up in surprise. "Kill the pig? Wo't the good o' murderin' a hancen pig for what happened twenty-five years ago?"

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the rendering of the Dred Scott decision by the United States Supreme Court in 1857. This decision held that a slave had no right to sue in the courts. He remanded Dred Scott to slavery, though he had lived on a free territory.

Man With X-Ray Eyes

THE STRANGEST STORY YOU EVER READ. The Detectives Convince Themselves That the Murdered Juliette Was an Accomplice of Lucien Delorme.

By GUY DE TERAMOND.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Lucien Delorme presents letters of introduction to him at the boarding house. He makes the acquaintance of Mrs. Tankery, rich American widow, and a Guatemalan general, Domingo Lopez.

Mrs. Tankery, about sixty, carries about with her a fortune in jewels. Mrs. Tankery is a French widow, her room-murdered. After an investigation Delorme is suspected. Later Delorme is released.

The Baron Plucke meets Delorme and reveals details of transaction he intends to carry out.

Meanwhile, the fame of the rare jewels of Comte d'Abasol-Viscosa excites considerable comment throughout Paris, and a clever organization of thieves, the "La Sarda," is set on foot. They leave an adjoining apartment.

Delorme comes to see the jewels, which have been offered as security for loan, and the woman of the comte and his associates announce to him that the safe supposed to contain the jewels is in the hands of the "La Sarda," and he must decide to force an entrance to the safe, accomplishing their purpose, they have the vault empty of jewels.

Delorme is seized while at the comte's apartment, and he is taken to the Comte d'Abasol-Viscosa's relative, the Marquis de Poudourah, and then sent to Baron Plucke seeking to borrow \$15,000,000 on the royal jewels.

Burglars break the safe and are seized with terror when Delorme springs out.

Lucien falls in love with Georgette, one of the assassins, and has another miraculous escape from death.

"Among the diamonds carried away by the criminals there was one marked in a special way which would enable it to be recognized given all the rest. It had been given by my great-grandfather to his promised wife, and by a process of which I am ignorant the diamond cutter had found means to engrave microscopically on the lower facet the two initials J. A. and F. Andre and Frederic, whose interlacing bore testimony to the eternity of their vows of love. So it will suffice to seek for this diamond, and then it will be easy, from purchaser to purchaser, to reach the first seller, that is, one of my uncle's assassins!"

"Yes," murmured the chief of detectives, shaking his head, "only . . ."

"Only?"

"Either this gem, in the course of three years, will have passed through so many hands that it seems to me impossible to follow its track, or, supposing that it should have remained in the hands of its first possessor, it is not probable that the peculiarity you describe would not have been noticed."

"May not fortune at last favor us?"

"Granted, but it would be necessary to send a confidential circular to all the jewelers in Paris, in the provinces, and in all foreign countries, and I do not wish to conceal that this would be very burdensome for the result which I anticipate."

"If that's all, I will bear the entire cost, for since this is my last card, I desire all the more to play it!" And, added the baron, "think a little of the person to whom you would derive from having, at the end of so much time, discovered the author of an old crime which no one longer remembered!"

"I'm murmured the chief of detectives with a manner of profound indifference to all these contingencies."

Yet Baron Plucke, without suspecting it, had just touched the sensitive nerve by showing the detective the great renown so striking a discovery would bestow on his intuition and sagacity.

"Very well," murmured the chief of detectives, "Tomorrow a notice will be drawn up and sent broadcast. Let us hope that it will prove of some service."

"I have a presentiment that it will," said the baron, "but I have you no information to ask of me?"

"You have already given it, sir. I merely wished to learn what you knew of this young man who had been in your employ for some time. What you have told me led to interesting conclusions. Logically, as I had always supposed, this person must belong to the band who murdered Mrs. Tankery. How else could he have known all the details of this crime? And, without suspecting it, you yourself aided the plans by coming in this morning to offer him the opportunity to pursue the investigation on your behalf. This was an excellent way for him to keep in touch with everything that was going on, and the possibility of warding off the dangers that might threaten his accomplices. That is why, the other day, he had the incredible audacity to come into my office to accuse of the murder of Mrs. Tankery, whom?"

Then, as by a sign, Baron Plucke estimated that he was unable to guess the official added:

"The representative of the Maharajah of Pandukurrah!"

"Oh," cried the other in a choked tone, "that's rather too strong. Isn't it? But have not you some business association with Comte d'Abasol-Viscosa?"

"Certainly. And I consider him an honorable man, incapable of the least unscrupulous action. To accuse him of such a crime is inconceivable! And," he continued, "you are certain, M. Clamart, that this young man can know nothing about my poor uncle's murderers?"

"Nothing at all—except what you have told him. He was undoubtedly trying to humbug you—only . . ."

M. Clamart thoughtfully scratched his ear.